UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

The Old Year and the New—1920-1921

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Booker T. Washington

By CURTIS W. REESE

Books About Latin-America

By FREDERICK STARR

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXVI THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1920 Number 15

GOD IS WHISPERING

God is whispering down the ages,
Knocking at the hearts of men;
Planting guideposts on the hilltops
Where the lights are growing dim.
Touching all the finer forces
With a star-tipped wand divine;
Opening wide the gates of truth
On the hinges made of time.

Ellen Sammon.

The old year (1920) is almost gone; the new year (1921) is almost come. But there is still time to gladden Unity with a new subscription, the renewal of an old subscription, or a contribution of money in token of goodwill and of best wishes for a "happy New Year." If you have not remembered Unity in the season's benefactions, will you not heed this final call? Unity, if it is to grow strong, and make ever more abundant its service to "freedom, fellowship and character in religion," must rely upon its friends for support. And this is the time of year when friends make themselves known!

We would wish a "happy New Year" to all the friends of Unity! It is difficult not to be proud of this good and faithful fellowship, and thus forfeit the virtue of humility. Shall we not speak, perhaps, of joy rather than of pride; and especially of gratitude for unfailing confidence and patient good-will. We are well aware of our failings; we realize how often we go wrong. But with the passing of the old year we are going to try to put away some of our sins; and with the coming of the new year seek to lay hold on merits unattained before. We shall try to welcome all good, with more quick and eager praise. When we must denounce things evil, we shall try to do it with gentler speech. We shall try to discuss issues and not persons, consequences and not motives. Above all, we shall endeavor to understand those with whom we are in most utter disagreement, and to meet all men everywhere with patience and abundant love. These are our vows, which we know we cannot fully keep, but toward which we shall ever strive. Perhaps this hope and high endeavor are the very things which will most surely bring to our many readers the "happy New Year" which we here wish them!

Nothing has occurred in many a long day so heartening as Senator Borah's proposal for an agreement between England, Japan and the United States for a naval "holiday." Unutterably depressing has been the undiminished maintenance of great armies on land and sea since the destruction of German military power and the sweeping triumph of the Allies in the Great War. Nothing short of criminal has been the professed determination of our government, at the behest of Secretary Daniels, to build up a navy greater even than that of England. What this means was clearly revealed some days ago at the meetings of the Assembly of the League of Nations, when a spokesman of Japan declared that the Celestial Empire could enter upon no agreement for disarmament so long as the United States maintained its present naval policy. Now comes Senator Borah with a proposal, which smacks not so much of idealism as of plain everyday common sense, that this madness for competitive armaments cease, at least for a time. It is obvious that the three great powers in question can be arming themselves against no common enemy, for no such enemy anywhere exists upon the globe. It follows as a next logical step that, if they are not arming themselves against a common enemy, they must be arming themselves against one another. As a matter of fact this is the real crux of the situation. A great American navy can be a threat to no nation except England and Japan, and must be a threat of the first order to both of these great powers. Both must sooner or later meet the menace of our threats, and this means enormous expense, constant cultivation of popular suspicion and hard feeling, and ultimately the open clash of war. Let Senator Borah's proposal be seconded by the unanimous shout of all the people. We have no money to waste on ships of war; we have no need to arm ourselves like a Prussian junker. We of all nations are in a position to set an example to the world of moderation and good feeling. May we not hope that the retirement of the Wilson administration and the passing of Secretary Daniels into oblivion will end this insanity for good and all.

It is the statement of Mr. Arthur Henderson, made in a speech at Hough Green on December 9th, that human life was more sacred and safer in Belgium under the German occupation than it is in Ireland today. In noting this opinion, we might recall what was being said about the situation in Belgium six years ago—how we used the sufferings of the Belgians to prove that all Germans were "Huns" and that they should therefore be promptly wiped off the face of the

earth. Many of our Irish friends are now using the even more terrible situation in Ireland to establish the same indictment and remedy against the English people. We have as little sympathy with the one attempt as with the other. What we have demonstrated in these cases of oppression refers to governments and armies, and not to peoples. Belgium and Ireland, like Haiti as well, prove that a government will commit any atrocity deemed necessary to hold a weak nation in subjection for purposes of economic and military advantage; and that army discipline is the most effective means of brutalizing men for the perpetration of this horrid work. Put any army in any dependent country, under orders to keep the people quiet, and hell is certain to break loose! The talk about the Germans being "Huns" was always silly and unjust. This is not to say that the Imperial German government was guiltless of offense. It is only to assert that this government did what always has been done, and always will be done, under like circumstances!

We were looking over Dr. Bishop's recent biography of Theodore Roosevelt the other night, and we were shocked to come across the following statement written by Mr. Roosevelt in a private letter on December 16, 1912, just after his attempted assassination: "Just one word," he said, "about the mad man who shot me. He was not really a mad man at all; he was a man of the same disordered brain which most criminals and a great many non-criminals have. *I very gravely question if he has a more unsound brain than Eugene Debs.*" How times change! What a measure this is of the heights to which Mr. Debs has risen in recent years in the esteem of his countrymen! We have no doubt that the majority of Americans eight years ago would have said "amen" to this indictment of Mr. Debs as a lunatic; we also have no doubt that the same majority of Americans today would dissent stoutly to such a suggestion. It is inconceivable to us that Mr. Roosevelt, with all his furious passion for the war, would have found it possible to write such lines today. Not many more Americans voted for Mr. Debs last November than voted for him eight years ago; in matters of political and economic opinion he still stands as a leader of an almost hopeless minority. But few are the citizens in this country who are not ready today to give their salutation to a man who was true to himself in the hour of supreme test, and is now in patience, humility and sweetness of temper paying a hideously unjust penalty for his act. Mr. Debs today, in the opinion of all good men, is one of our great American heroes. Witness Ruth Le Prade's remarkable compilation, "Debs and the Poets," just published by Upton Sinclair at Pasadena!

President Butler, of Columbia, bemoans in his annual report the fact that the world is "without a poet, without a philosopher, and without a notable religious leader." This seems to us to be a most extraordinary statement. Thomas Hardy has always impressed us as a poet, Henri Bergson, whom we heard Butler himself introduce to a distinguished audience with effusive laudation, would seem to present some few claims to being a philosopher; and Cardinal Mercier ranks in the eyes of most of us as "a notable religious leader" in the hour of a supreme social crisis. Even in America we find a true poet in Edwin Arlington Robinson, a true philosopher in a member of Butler's own faculty, John Dewey, and "a notable religious leader" in Felix Adler, another member of Butler's faculty. And since President Butler is talking about the cultural and spiritual conditions of the age, why should he deliberately ignore such emancipating and inspirational geniuses as H. G. Wells, Bernard Shaw, Romain Rolland, Anatole France, Maxim Gorki, and shut his eyes to such movements as the Gaelic League in Ireland, *Clartè* in France, and the new poetry in America? The very presence in this country today of such a man as Rabindranath Tagore should have been enough to warn Butler against such sweeping judgment. The fact of the matter is that the president of Columbia is himself morally and spiritually impoverished. He and his kind have done more to destroy genuine culture, enslave the waxing spirit of generous youth, kill out the heroic instincts of the religious consciousness than any other single influence at large. A mere catalogue of the men driven from Columbia during the autocratic rule of this petty academic politician, beginning with Edward MacDowell and George Edward Woodberry, and including J. E. Spingarn, Charles E. Beard, Henry Mussey and James Harvey Robinson, tells the whole story. Nicholas Murray Butler is a strange figure lamenting the contrast between the material prosperity and the spiritual impoverishment of education in America!

It is not too late, we trust, to pay tribute to the memory of the late Olive Shreiner. To persons of the older generation she is perhaps best known as the author of that amazingly vivid novel, written in her early youth, "The Story of an African Farm." To the present generation, her name brings quickest to mind that tragic but unforgettable fragment of a greater work, forever lost in the destruction of the Boer war, called "Woman and Labor." But do not most of us revere her, and will she not be longest remembered, as the author of that little volume of mingled poetry, parable and allegory, entitled "Dreams"? It is interesting that Miss Shreiner should have written so remarkable a book in each one of three such widely separated fields of literary art—and then

done nothing more! Each volume was in itself sufficient to give her world-wide fame; but all of them together failed to express the full power and beauty of her spirit. Life, after all, and not the writing about it, was the great thing with her. Her books were but chance eddies in the flowing stream of her crowded days. Not only mentally, but spiritually, in terms of service as well as of achievement, she was unquestionably one of the supreme women of her time.

Official defenders of the organized church have no difficulty in proving that the church was never so prosperous as it is today. They gather their own figures and manipulate them at their own pleasure and, of course, get the results they want. It is only when an honest man who sees the facts with open vision, comes along, that havoc is wrought among the pleasant reports of ecclesiastics. Such a man is the Rev. Isaac Smith, who has written in *The Universalist Leader* an account of what he has been seeing in England. "The religious situation in England," he says, "if it is to be judged by the attendance at church, is certainly in a very bad way." He declares that he has made a point of visiting a different church each Sunday, and that in all denominations—Anglican, Methodist, Baptist, Congregational and Unitarian—he has found "the congregations very thin, to put it mildly." In his old home church in Birmingham, ten years ago a flourishing institution, with a Sunday school of over four hundred members and an average Sunday attendance of about six hundred, he found that the Sunday school is today shrunk to one hundred and twenty, and that "the attendance at church does not average one hundred and fifty." He presents this as typical of the English situation. He offers in explanation the war and the churches' failure to maintain its spiritual standards during the war. He declares that men are demanding a new theology more in harmony with modern education and the great facts of life. But the trouble, we believe, runs much deeper than this. The war only emphasized and hastened the process of ecclesiastical disintegration which was already well under way prior to 1914. We have come to the end of the Protestant era, as in the sixteenth century men came to the end of the Catholic era. A new church must be had if organized religion is to survive.

The second World Brotherhood Congress, which met at Washington in October last, designated the first Sunday after Christmas as "World Brotherhood Sunday." This is an admirable idea, and we are sorry not to have called attention to it before. It might be suggested, however, that any Sunday might well be used in a Christian church as a "World Brotherhood Sunday." Indeed, as we muse upon it, we find ourselves marveling just a bit that it should be necessary to set apart one special day on the Christian calendar for the discussion of such a theme as "brotherhood." In what strange paths we wander; how hard it is to see and find the goal!

The Old Year and the New 1920-1921

It is quite impossible, in these closing days of 1920, to make any estimate as to the significance of what has happened during this year just past. Two or three hundred years hence the historians, with all the evidence before them, and looking back with the advantage of the perspective of centuries, will be able to affirm as to whether or not this second year after the war has been a period of retrogression or progress. At this moment we are quite unable to say as to whether modern civilization during the past twelve months and more has been moving steadily toward that gulf of chaos which to many seems to be yawning close at hand, or whether, in spite of disorder, despair, the disorganization of many countries and the perishing by starvation and pestilence of many peoples, the world has been slowly pulling itself together and regaining its stability. Mr. H. G. Wells, in his remarkable articles on his recent visit to Russia, declares that Russian civilization has utterly collapsed as a result of the war, and that only the strong hand of the Bolshevist government has saved the Russian people from falling straight back to the status of barbarism. He is not at all sure but that Russia is too far gone to be saved, and that in a few years we shall see the cities of that great empire utterly deserted, its railroads mere streaks of rust, its industrial centres empty tombs, and its population a horde of miserable men and women returned suddenly to the stage of early agricultural and nomadic life. He surmises that the rest of Europe has probably escaped this doom, since it was better able to withstand the disruptive consequences of the great war, but declares that this is as yet by no means certain. What has come to Russia, he says, would have come to the whole continent had the war lasted a little longer, and may still come, if the peace is not rewritten and the destructive forces of society, now loose in the world, straightway checked. It is this lingering uncertainty in the mind of so acute and optimistic an observer as Mr. Wells, that we would emphasize. No man today knows what has really been happening since the armistice or whither at this moment we are moving. To say definitely what 1920 has been, or what 1921 will be, is impossible.

It may not be without interest, however, and may have some little value, to try to record what we may call some of "the signs of the times." As we look back

upon the year just past we can note certain events which seem to be encouraging and certain other events as well which seem to be discouraging. Some things have taken place which prophesy good, as some other things most certainly seem to prophesy evil. For such suggestion as they may bring to our minds we set down herewith in order some of the happenings of 1920 which have impressed us favorably or unfavorably.

As items on the right side of the ledger—the assets, so to speak—we are tempted to list the following:

1—The survival to its third anniversary of the revolutionary government of Russia. In rejoicing at the victory of the Bolshevist regime over its swarming enemies, we by no means intend to imply that we are now unreserved advocates of Lenin, Trotsky and the Moscow commissars. We are flatly opposed, under all conditions, to their resort to arms, and their development of what seems now to be the most efficient army in the world. We deplore their action in suppressing free speech and free press, while not forgetting their defense of such repression as a temporary expedient made necessary by the wars of intervention forced upon them. We have serious doubts as to the expediency of the drastic program of international organization laid down by the Third Internationale. Nevertheless, we count the Russian revolution as the greatest event of our time, the Bolshevist experiment of communism the most interesting and promising attempt at a reconstruction of society that is being made today, and accept the Soviet government, in spite of all its faults, as the one existing hope of the Russian people. The destruction of the Bolshevists by the imperialists of England, France, and Poland, would have been a calamity only less terrible than that of the Great War itself. The whole policy of intervention was conceived in hypocrisy and born in hate and greed; from beginning to end this policy has been fittingly impersonated by the most disreputable butchers and bandits—Kolchak, Yudenitch, Pilsudski, Wrangel and others—that the world has seen since the days of the Huns and Tartars. The success of this policy would have meant the restoration of the Czarist regime; the vindication of French militarism, which is now a menace to the peace and order of the world as serious as German militarism ever was; and the enslavement for an indefinite period of the helpless peoples of Russia and of Eastern and Central Europe. The almost miraculous victory of the Bolshevists over their enemies on every border marks a definite end to the militarism which triumphed at Versailles, saves the Russian revolution, and gives the Bolshevists a chance to work out their great experiment of applied socialism. We are tempted to prophesy that this final deliverance of the Soviets will be recorded by historians as the one great achievement of 1920.

2—As an auspicious event, we count the repudiation, one after another, of the men and governments responsible for the waging of the Great War, for its relentless conclusion, and for the writing of "the Carthaginian Peace" at Paris. Clemenceau, fittingly called the "tiger," was the first to go. Orlando was next hurled to the ground, to be succeeded by Nitti, and finally by Giolotti, who had done his best to keep Italy out of the war and during that time had fallen to the lowest depths of humiliation and popular disfavor as a hated pacifist. Then Woodrow Wilson was engulfed in the mightiest electoral tidal wave that ever swept the American nation. And, lastly, Venizelos, of Greece, was overthrown in a political defeat which drove him into permanent exile, and restored to Athens a king who had been deliberately driven from his throne by the Allies for no other reason than that he had desired to save his people from the horrors of war. That the people knew what they were doing in all these countries is not to be supposed; there is no true popular understanding as yet of the full significance of the last six years. But the instinct of the people everywhere today is sound. They know, in a kind of unconscious way, that these premiers and presidents have betrayed them; and they have in each case taken this first chance to rid themselves of such leaders, and begin again. In the face of the fate which has befallen every war leader in Europe, save Lloyd George alone, we believe it will be a long time before any statesman willingly takes his country into war.

We must record as an especially heartening event for us Americans, the overthrow in November last of the Wilson regime. We say this not because of any lingering ill-will toward Mr. Wilson—the tragedy of his career might well melt a heart of stone to tears; but rather because of what his government, in spite of him perhaps, had come to mean. We have only to think of such sinister figures as Palmer, Burleson and Daniels, and of the deeds of which these men have been guilty, to understand the disgust which the American people expressed in their hurricane of ballots on last election day, and the relief which is now felt everywhere that this horrid brood of politicians has been swept into permanent oblivion. Never was there an election which gave more impressive testimony of the essential soundness of the popular will. The unanimity with which people agreed that these men must go, gave adequate compensation for all the disappointments that are otherwise involved in this event.

3—As another notable event of 1920 we would refer to the labor revolt which took place in the metal trades in Italy. The deliberate seizure of the factories by the workers, and their restoration to their owners undamaged, on terms of agreement between employers and employees which marked the definite entrance of Italian labor into the control of industry, opens a new chapter in the history of the economic revolution.

Here was a demonstration, first of all, of amazing forbearance, self-control and understanding on the part of the workers. They did no damage to property which did not belong to them, but used their power singly and determinedly for the peaceful accomplishment of ends which they knew could not be long denied with safety to the state. Furthermore, here was a discovery of a new technique in the problem of reform; a demonstration of a way of doing things which involved neither disorder, loss of life, nor any violent overturn of the existing fabric of society. In a way, this revolt in Italy, judged at least from the standpoint of possible consequences, is more promising even than the revolution in Russia, although, of course, the two things are not properly to be compared. In any case, what has transpired in Italy will not be forgotten; seeds there scattered to the winds have already taken root in the soil of other nations, and in due season will reap their harvest.

4—Lastly, we would record on the credit side of our ledger the final rejection of the Peace Treaty and Covenant by the United States, and the defeat therefor of the conspiracy embodied in the League of Nations. Desperate attempts are being made to keep the League alive, but the action of America undoubtedly dealt a death blow to the hopes of those who saw in this League a useful means of making the world safe for autocracy. With the Covenant, of course, must go the Peace Treaty, with all its nameless abominations and inquities. The failure of the work of the peacemakers of Paris has cost humanity a heavy price, of course; but those only are to blame who sat about the council table at Versailles and there proved themselves traitors to humanity. To repudiate their work, whatever the cost in terms of confusion and distress, was the necessary "first step" to the saving of civilization. We believe that it will stand forever to the credit of the United States that its action was decisive to this end. The final vote of the Senate in rejection of the Treaty and Covenant, will stand in future centuries as one of the few bright moments in the dark history of these days.

On the other side of our account—the liabilities, so to speak—must be recorded certain other events of a very different character.

1—First of all stands the tragedy of Ireland—a symbol of the tragedies of India, Hungary and Haiti. The cruel repression of the Irish people by the British government will be remembered forever, along with such dreadful episodes of history as the persecution of the Dutch by the Spain of Philip II., the massacre of the Albigenses by the France of Philip Augustus, the ravaging of the kingdom of Naples by the iniquitous "Bomba," and the rape of Belgium by Kaiser Wilhelm and his German hordes. Every hour throughout 1920 the Irish situation has grown more dark, and now as the year goes out there seems to be no single gleam of light on the horizon of the fate of this heroic and unhappy people. Ireland is a perfect tragedy—perfect because it means not only the destruction of the Irish people, but the black shame of their English tormentors. We confess our growing amazement that there is no liberal opinion in England which seems to be capable of rising up and smiting the ghastly tyranny of Lloyd George. Is the soul of England dead that it does not speak at this hour? Are English Liberals and Laborites actually so drugged with the debaucheries of the Great War that they do not rise in wrath against this monstrous crime? The New Year, God grant, may bring some vindication to the sleeping conscience of the English people; but the year 1920 has written its record to stand as a perpetual blot on the escutcheon of England's honor. As for Ireland, and for liberty-loving people everywhere, this year will never be forgotten.

2—We must record, as a discouraging event, the weakening and threatened disintegration of the British Labor Party. To many of us this party ranked along with the Russian revolution as one of the few compensating events incident to the Great War. Indeed, we had the feeling that to the people of England and America, at least, the advent of the British Labor Party brought more promise than that of the Soviet regime. This party formulated a platform which was rightly hailed as a document to be ranked with the Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence. It worked out a procedure which represented "our way of doing things," so to speak; that is, the accomplishment of vast reforms by peaceful methods of reason and political action. The strength of the British Labor Party and its repeated successes in the by-elections following the Kahki elections of 1918, seemed to promise its speedy overthrow of the Lloyd George government, and its assumption of full political power in the empire. All this hope, or most of it, however, has now gone glimmering. The Labor Party has not only lost strength and suffered serious defeats, but has revealed a degree of disorganization, confusion of mind, and slackness of purpose which seem well nigh incredible. In the face of the unescapable determination of the Bolshevists, and especially of the amazing technical achievements of the Italian workers, the forces of organized labor in England seem now to count for little. Their one real achievement, the defeat of Lloyd George's Russian policy by the Council of Action, has served only to reveal in clear outline the unaccountable weakness of the Labor Party as regards the Irish question. Why, if it was possible to save Russia from the imperialists of Poland and the Supreme Council, was it not easily possible to save Ireland from the imperialists of Whitehall and Downing street? There is something more than a suspicion

growing in our minds that the British Labor Party, as regards the British Empire at least, is as imperialistic as any of the Junkers on the continent. If so, a great light was extinguished in 1920; and even if not so, a great light has grown strangely dim, and we feel as one who wanders lost in ways of darkness.

3—As a counterbalance to the defeat of the Wilson regime, we must record the election of Warren Gamaliel Harding to the presidency of the United States. What a commentary on the workings of our practical American democracy is this vast triumph of this insignificant middle-western, mid-Victorian citizen of Marion, Ohio! Mr. Harding's unprecedented majority at the polls, coupled with the disappointingly small vote for the minority candidates, Mr. Debs and Mr. Christensen, may be taken as a symbol of the period of reaction which has now definitely begun. We are inclined to feel that 1920 will be long recorded in American history as the year which marked the opening of an epoch characterized by the submergence of liberal opinion, the disruption of organized labor, the triumph of big business and selfish finance, the heightening of wealth and the deepening of poverty, with the consequent widening of the gulf between the two great classes of modern industrial society. If this foreboding be true, the liberal and labor forces of America have nobody but themselves to blame. They supported the war, which involved, of course, the triumph of everything to which they had long been opposed, and the overthrow of everything which they had held ever dear. The spectacle of Mr. Gompers who, during the war, was the good right-hand of the President and the honored guest of European kings, now whipped and scourged as a hated outcast by the dominant social forces of the day in this country, is as satisfying from the standpoint of irony, as it is pitiful from the standpoint of human progress. Reaction is here beyond all question; 1920 marks the death of a thousand hopes and the spawning of myriad disappointments and fears.

4—Most momentous, however, of all that 1920 brought to us, was the confirmation of the failure of the Great War. This is not so much a particular event as a general situation revealed through the passing events of many weeks and months. Already in 1919, before the Peace Conference had adjourned, the hearts of men began to be gripped by the awful fear that the war was to be ended with one more peace of vengeance, and thus the ideals for which millions of men had gladly laid down their lives, and other millions behind the lines made noble sacrifice, be forever lost. With the announcement of the terms of peace, this fear became a dreadful certainty; but still men hoped against hope, and dared to defy the facts by a fresh affirmation of faith which they hoped might by some miracle justify itself. This past year, however, has brought the final seal of doom to every prospect of a better world as the result of the struggle against Germany. Now we know what we should have known in the beginning, and some few did actually know, that the Great War was wholly sordid in its origin and character, that it was fought on both sides for ignoble purposes, and that at no time could any good come out of it. Every passing month of 1920 has witnessed the growth of imperialism, the increasing menace of militarism, the threat of new jealousies and wars between allies suddenly become enemies, and the growing horror of peoples devoured by starvation, pestilence, cold and blank despair. The nations have struggled valiantly for their deliverance and have smitten with undisguised wrath the leaders whom they could reach but these very protests have at bottom only revealed the helplessness of men in the bondage of the existing political and economic system. The only rifts in the clouds of darkness, as we have said, are the revolution in Russia and the labor revolt in Italy. Apart from such prophecies as may be involved in these great events, there is no hope for the end of war, the establishment of international justice, or the vindication of true democracy. Whether the world, set up precariously on its old and shattered foundations, will endure long enough for humanity to be saved from itself, no man can say. But this at least we know, as witness finally the events of 1920, that the Great War brought to all nations everywhere a burden of perfect woe; and that salvation, if attained, will be in spite, and not because, of this vast cataclysm of arms.

Such are some "signs of the times" which may be glimpsed from out the wrack and ruin of the passing moment. To co-odinate these events, to reconcile them the one to the other, to make a consistent picture of the existing situation, is impossible, as we have said. We are all caught as in a city tumbling about our ears in the shattering horror of some vast earthquake. Here there is something which seems to be falling into utter ruin—here, on the other hand, something which seems at the moment to be standing firm. But the quake is still upon us, and what we see today is like a swiftly moving panorama of vast and awful change. What 1921 is destined to bring forth, no man can say. It may bring to us the worst of all we fear, and may quite as well bring to us the best of all we hope. For ourselves, in spite of an analysis of war and its aftermath which we insist shall be rigorous in its presentation of disaster, we find it quite impossible to believe that our civilization is destined ultimately to disappear. The shock which it is now withstanding is greater than that suffered by any civilization which has preceded; but the mere fact that it still withstands such a shock gives ground for believing that there are constructive and redemptive forces inherent in our society which have not been present in any previous age of

human history. It is impressive to note in Mr. Wells' "The Outline of History," how the author moves on from one world disaster to another, and comes at last to what seems to be the final disaster of the Great War, only to pass on in his closing chapter to the presentation of a program for the reconstruction of society, and a pronouncement of prophecy that a new and better time is destined to appear. Mr. Wells tells a tale which is a story of ever-recurring disaster, but also of ever-recurring recovery. As the Great War would seem to be the final test of man's capacity to survive, so may it be in its reactions the final demonstration of man's ability to survive! Such, at least, seems to be Mr. Wells' conviction. In a pregnant passage in the first volume, he writes: "The last twenty-three centuries of history are like the efforts of some impulsive, hasty immortal to think clearly and live rightly. Blunder follows blunder; promising beginnings end in grotesque disappointments; streams of living water are poisoned by the cup that conveys them to the thirsty lips of mankind. But the hope of men rises again at last after every disaster." And for his last word, in his second volume, he writes: "Gathered together at last under the leadership of man . . . unified, disciplined, armed with the secret power of the atom and with knowledge yet beyond dreaming, Life, forever dying to be born afresh, forever young and eager, will presently stand upon this earth as upon a footstool, and stretch out its realm amid the stars."

Let us, therefore, still be of good cheer! 1921 may not be "the acceptable year of the Lord"; but that year shall yet come, and may be even nearer at hand than we suppose.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

CHRISTMAS: 1920

Blood runs in Europe's gutters,
The islands shake with pain:
Haiti to Ireland mutters;
Vienna dies in vain.

The vision men might cherish
Is blacker than their bread.
And where the people perish
The peaceful are the dead.

Some watch the eastern heaven
For stars they thought they knew.
But the mass loathes its leaven;
And crucifies the Jew.

Yet shall we all inherit
The hidden kingdom, when
Spirit shows grace to spirit,
And men good-will to men.

The Survey. —*Babette Deutsch.*

A BALLAD OF CHRISTMAS

The shepherds lay on Bethlehem's plain,
They lay in dark and cold;
They watched the stars ascend and wane,
And talked of legends old.

"When comes Messias to the earth,
A fairer star than these
Shall swiftly rise and flame his birth
O'er lands and watching seas.

"That star shall walk like Caesar's torch
In lonely majestie,
And stand to sentinel the porch
Wherein is cradled he.

"And all the skies shall fling their doors
Wide open to the night,
And show upon the heav'nly floors
The angel hosts of light.

"And these shall sing of love and peace,
And men shall listen true,
And make their hates and lusts to cease,
And all their faiths renew."

The shepherds talked upon the wold
Of him, great David's son.
The shepherds shiv'red in the cold,
And wished the night were done.

"I see a light—a pallid gleam!
O say, what may it be?"
"Some trav'ler lifts a little beam
To guide him o'er the lea."

"The light grows large—it spreads like mist,
A strange and lovely glow!"
"The sun hath kept his morning tryst,
And we may homeward go."

"O see, the mist becomes a pyre
Of strange and awful flame."—
"Some Jordan town is caught by fire!
God save her for his name."

"Nay, look!—the skies!—Emmanuel!
Messias comes at last!"
The shepherds on the hillside fell
Them down before the blast.

They fell them down in woesome fear
Of glory round about;
They rose them up again to hear
A host of angels shout:

"Fear not! We tell Messias' birth!
With joy your spirits fill.
Glory to God! Peace on the earth
To all men of Goodwill."

The shepherds heard the host; they cried
Amazedly, and fled
To David's city, where beside
The Christ they worshipped.

—*John Haynes Holmes.*

The Golden Rule in Business

The world is usually surprised when a Christian man undertakes to apply his religion to his business. That is just the reason why there was so much astonishment over the country at the recent action of the Nash Manufacturing Company of Cincinnati. Some years ago, the president and general manager of this factory decided to begin the application of the Golden Rule to his business. That this Golden Rule method has not failed is indicated by a press despatch which stated recently that 500 of his employes would give up their positions for one month this winter in order that the unemployed of the city might be given employment. The month will be either January or February.—*The Christian Century.*

THE PULPIT

The Great Society: How Long Can it Wear its Old Garments?

John Herman Randall, Associate Minister of the Community Church

II.

These are the reasons why we venture to affirm that society has outgrown its old economic garments. We are seeking to live our life today on a system whose fundamental principles were adapted to the problems of a hundred years ago, but which do not in any sense meet or satisfy the very different problems of today. And the widespread industrial unrest grows out of the fact that we are seeking to wear the old garments that are no longer adequate or fitting for the vastly changed industrial life of our own times.

The same general principle applies to our conception of the political state. The modern democratic state came into existence at the time of the French Revolution, when liberty, equality and fraternity were the watchwords of the hour. But in the intoxication of breaking away from the old forms of political tyranny in the past, men made of personal liberty the center and the circumference of Democracy, and the deeper truths of equality and fraternity were well-nigh forgotten. The immediate problem of those early days was indeed the securing of the rights of personal liberty; and perhaps it is not strange that so many people came to have the idea that the democratic state was the state that leaves all people free to do as they please, provided they were not caught at it, nor that so goodly a number proceeded to act on that principle.

But our problem today is not so much that of securing freedom from political tyranny, but rather one of safeguarding the individual from other and subtler forms of tyranny and exploitation. We are just beginning to see that the truly democratic state is not the one that leaves all people free to do as they please, but one that is so organized that all its people are made free from the encroachments of selfishness and greed in any form; that sees to it that all individuals, even the lowest and weakest in the social scale, secure nothing but the square deal. All the protests, all the revolts and oftentimes the violence that find expression in all social classes against existing wrongs and injustices are simply the visible proof that men have outgrown the old conception of democracy that is content to let all people do as they please. The demand today is for such a reorganization of the state as shall make all forms of injustice impossible.

The political ideals for the state, as set forth by the liberal school of economists in France, England and the United States at the beginning of the nineteenth century, were based on an extremely optimistic conception of human nature. They held that if man was only given perfect freedom to follow his own self-interest, it would eventually work out for the best interests of all. They sought, therefore, to minimize the authority of the State and its exercise over the individual, with the result that the theory underlying the authority of the State became the theory of "the passive policeman." The State should keep all hands off the actions of the individual, stepping in to interfere only in case of an emergency or when some special trouble arose. But we are living in a world where human nature is what it is, not what we should like it to be, nor yet, what we trust it may one day become. And our latest writers in the field of political science are pointing out clearly the changes which they feel must be made in our conception of the true authority of the State, if the ends of justice are to be secured. The new Great Society has outgrown its old garments of Democracy and must needs fashion for itself new garments more adequate to the demand for the democratizing of all society today.

As applied to international relations, we have, in the same way, been steadily outgrowing the old ideas that formerly prevailed. In the modern sense, the nation came into existence at the close of the Middle Ages. The great problem then, was how to escape from the domination of the Roman Catholic Church. Machiavelli, the great Italian statesman, laid down the principles underlying the life of Nations. The nation, he said, must be free, independent, sovereign, owing allegiance to no other power but its own will. This principle met the situation of that day and made possible the development of a strong national intellectual and political life, a thing unknown before among the peoples of Europe.

But how different is our international problem today! Modern science, modern means of transportation, the development of world trade and commerce, the telegraph and the wireless have brought even the remoter portions of the globe into one intimate neighborhood. The nation no longer lives its own isolated and separate life, but its entire existence is bound up inextricably with other nations. So that we are all mutually dependent on one another in a sense that Machiavelli could never have dreamed. It is no longer the question of how one separate nation can develop a strong national life, but rather of how strong and weak nationalities, that are all mutually dependent, can live together without harmful frictions and ruinous wars, in the spirit of co-operation and mutual helpfulness. It is this new and pressing problem that has given rise to the idea of a League of Nations. The true League of Nations, dedicated to a true international fellowship and inspired by the spirit of good-will and co-operation among nations, has not been born yet. But it must come some day, when nations shall have the courage to cast aside, once for all, the old outgrown garments of international anarchy, and shall lay the foundations of a genuine World-Democracy.

The same principle holds true of all our conventional morality. All the great ethical systems of the past, with the exception of the Greek, have dealt almost exclusively with individual relations. This was perfectly natural, since the social consciousness has only just begun to awaken in men, and the voice of the social conscience is but faintly heard as yet. We stand on the threshold of the new social era, for which all the past has been but the preliminary preparation. But today our moral problems are no longer the old individual problems, for we are just beginning to realize that we all live our lives in a vast network of social relations, where the old moral laws do not seem to apply and where the familiar catechisms fail to instruct.

There are scores of times every week when we all find ourselves facing situations upon which the old ideals or principles do not cast the needed light, and when the old question of what is right is not nearly so simple as it used to be. It is for this reason that for so many conscientious people life seems to be an

increasingly hard and difficult thing. And yet, we must not be discouraged. It is not so much that we have outgrown the old moral principles as that we have outgrown their old individualistic forms, and they must needs be translated into their social equivalents. The moral unrest of our times grows out of the inadequacy of the old ideals that dealt only with individual relations and knew nothing of the social man. It is the new social morality that needs formulation before the social conscience, that is surely awakening in human nature, can find the guidance it most of all craves.

So, also, with the religious unrest that is depleting the congregations of so many churches, and that is inspiring the organization of so many new cults of various kinds. The religious revolt that is so apparent today is not directed against religion as such, but against both its ecclesiastical and theological expressions. Man feels instinctively that true religion must be vastly bigger than its organizations, better than its adherents, more vital than its creeds and rituals. There never was a time when there was more religion in the world than today, but most of it is to be found outside of all accredited organizations. For the most part, real religion is as yet inarticulate, unformulated, unorganized, and, therefore, ineffective in working the transformation it seeks.

As Sabatier so truly says, "Man is incurably religious," and never more so than when he has outgrown the old creeds and is reaching beyond the old forms for moral and spiritual values that the old no longer furnish. The future is bright indeed for religion; but whether it will find its home in the old churches, or will be forced to fashion for itself new channels through which it can more adequately find expression, depends upon the churches themselves—whether they possess the faith and the courage to lay aside the old outgrown garments. Jesus enunciated the eternal principle when he said: "No man putteth new wine into old wine skins." It is the new wine of a more genuinely moral and social and spiritual religion that makes imperative today the new forms of expression for religion.

In view of these illustrations of the causes that lie at the source of the world's unrest today in all realms of life, does not the reason for the intensity of the struggle between the conservative and the more radical forces in society become apparent? The conservative anywhere is the one who, sincerely or not, still thinks that the old garments society is now wearing can be patched up and made to do service a little longer; while the radical, sincerely or not, believes that the time has come when the old garments should be frankly discarded for new and better ones. It is clear that the position we take should not depend either on the familiarity of the old, nor yet on the novelty of the new, but rather on what seems to us to make for the largest possible coming of justice and right, of good-will and brotherliness into the life of all men.

If we are right in our diagnosis of the problem of the world's unrest today, then it must be clear that no mere patchwork will suffice to solve the problem. The time is far too late for that, and the old garments are worn too threadbare. Nothing but a resolute facing of all the problems involved and the persistent determination not to rest until they have been solved right, that is, in accordance with the principles of justice and fairness to all, can ever hope to satisfy the spirit of revolt against things-as-they-are that fills the world just now.

We must dare to accustom ourselves to the thought that things as-they-have-been must give place to things as-they-are-to-be. We must come to confidently rejoice that to us of this generation has been entrusted the solemn responsiblity of preserving all that is good and true in the old order, at the same time that we help to usher in the new and better day for humanity.

Because of the deeper meaning of the spirit of unrest, in revealing man's divine capacity for making real the Kingdom of Heaven here on earth, there is no ground for fear or pessimism, but only for the strongest confidence and the loftiest hopes. The great ages are never the easy ages in which to live. Just because of its unique greatness, our age is peculiarly hard and difficult, calling for the very highest qualities of manhood and womanhood. But as Phillips Brooks has counseled: "Do not pray for easy lives; pray rather to be stronger men and women."

There are many today who feel a deep sympathy with the wailing complaint of Hamlet:

> The times are out of joint. O cursed spite
> That ever I was born to set them right.

These are the words of the coward, however, never of the brave man or woman. The spirit we need in such an age comes to us like a challenge in those ringing words of Rupert Brooke, the gifted English poet who lost his life in the Mediterranean campaign:

> Now, God be thanked, who has matched me
> with His hour.

WHEN THE MASTER PAINTS HIS PICTURES IN THE DESERTS OF THE WEST.

There is silence in the desert, and the stars grow solemn, dim,
There's just the hush before the dawn, and man feels God in him—
There's a sigh no mortal ever heard—before it's born it's gone—
As all Nature waits expectant the great miracle of dawn.
Then a solitary pinnacle—a sentry grim and bold—
In Nature's wondrous alchemy is transmuted into gold,
And its royal purple circlet hovers trembling on the crest,
When the Master paints his pictures in the deserts of the West.

Then the sun peeps o'er the mountain—just a molten mass of gold—
Bathing all the sombre desert in gay colors, manifold—
Primrose, silver, gold and crimson, purple, yellow, amethyst—
As upon the brooding desert sun and earth are holding tryst;
Earth and sky leap into glory as they greet the Lord of Day,
While mozaics ever-changing for his warriors pave the way.
This kaleidoscopic pageant of all visions is the best,
When the Master paints his pictures in the deserts of the West.

O, I thank Thee, Master Painter, for the pictures Thou dost trace
In Thy drear and deadly deserts, in this grim and grisly place;
For at eve Thou comest gladly with Thy color scheme reversed,
Blessing all the torrid desert that at noon-tide Thou hadst cursed:
And, herein, I read a message zealous devotees should scan—
Throughout all Thy vast creation Thou has built no Hell for Man.—
And I curl up in my blankets, and I lay me down to rest
When the Master paints his pictures in the deserts of the West.

Contemporary Verse. —*Eliot Kays Stone.*

CONTRIBUTED

Booker T. Washington

Color of skin, place of birth and inherited status are nothing to a great soul. You cannot block the way of a strong character. No difficulties are too great for a man of real value. It is only one step from cabin to palace, from poverty to prosperity, from obscurity to renown; that step is *personal worth.* One of the most significant and hopeful facts in the history of humanity is this, viz., that a slave child from a kitchen-cabin on a Virginia plantation could by virtue of his intrinsic worth rise to a place among the stars of first magnitude. Booker T. Washington made this journey. No man ever started on life's way with more poverty to overcome, more prejudice to face, or more peculiar problems to solve than did he. Yet no man ever tackled his job more bravely, toiled more patiently, or achieved more gloriously. I, a southern white man, count it a privilege to pay sincere tribute of apprecation to the memory of this southern black man!

Booker T. Washington was not sure of the exact place or date of his birth; though he said he suspected that he was born "somewhere and at some time." As nearly as he was able to learn, he was born in Franklin County, Virginia, near a crossroads postoffice called Hale's Ford; the year was '58 or '59. His mother was the plantation cook. Of her ancestors nothing is known other than the general fact that they hailed from somewhere in the dark continent of Africa. According to rumor, the father of Booker T. was a white man on a near by plantation; though if he knew that he had such a son he never took occasion to make known his identity nor to render assistance.

In that windowless, floorless kitchen-cabin lived the mother and her three children, two boys and a girl. Her husband, the stepfather of Booker T., belonged to the owner of another plantation, and seldom saw his wife. One of the earliest recollections of Booker T. is that of his mother cooking a chicken late at night and awakening her children to feed them. Where she got that chicken nobody knows and it is nobody's business, but doubtless she had earned it a thousand times. Another of his early recollections is that of his mother kneeling over her children and fervently praying that Lincoln and his armies might succeed and she and her children be free.

Of his early days you can read for yourself in his own language as told in "Up From Slavery." I pass hurriedly over the civil war, during which period the slaves keep themselves posted on the progress of the armies. While the negroes were absolutely true to their master's immediate interests and protected his folks and property, they longed for freedom and prayed for its coming.

The day of freedom dawned. The slaves marched to the "big house," as the master's house was called. A United States officer read the Emancipation Proclamation, and among others the young boy Booker T. stood free and independent.

The step-father, who had already made his way into West Virginia, sent for his wife and the children to come to Kanawha Valley. The journey was made over the rough mountains, the children walking most of the distance, which was several hundred miles. The new home was established in a salt mining town called Malden, about five miles from the present capital of West Virginia. The cabin in which the new home was started was no better than the one left on the old plantation; in fact, in some respects it was not so good, since it was surrounded by other cabins that shut off the pure air. But there was one striking difference that made up for any loss, *the old cabin was the home of slaves, the new was the home of free American citizens!*

One of the first longings of Booker T. was to learn to read and write. Though working in a salt mine, with no time to play and little to rest, he induced his mother to secure for him a copy of Webster's "blue back" spelling book. This was the first book the boy ever had in his hands. At that time not a single member of his race living near could read or write. He was too timid to call on the white folks for help. But somehow he learned the alphabet. About this time the colored people of the community started a school for the members of their race, and secured a young colored man from Ohio as teacher. Young Booker, however, was not permitted by his step-father to leave the mine and enter the school; but arrangements were made whereby he could receive lessons at night after the hard day's work was over. Later he arose early, worked till nine, then attended the day school till four, then returned to work. In order to get to the school in the morning as early as possible, the ingenious boy moved the hands of the clock from eight thirty to nine. This he did morning after morning until the furnace boss, discovering that something was wrong, locked the clock in a box.

Upon entering school the boy faced two difficulties: he had neither hat nor name, both of which seemed necessary. His mother made a cap of "homespun." When the roll was called the children answered with two names. Booker noticed that some of them indulged in three, while he had only one name of which he knew—Booker. When the teacher asked him for his name he calmly replied "Booker Washington." Thus he enjoyed the happy privilege of naming himself.

Young Booker Washington had heard of both Heaven and Hampton Institute. While the terms were almost synonymous, he preferred Hampton Institute. After working in a salt mine, a coal mine, and a white family, he started to Hampton, a distance of five hundred miles. He did not have enough money to carry him all the distance. By walking and begging rides he reached Richmond. By this time he was entirely out of money, tired, hungry and dirty. He had never been in a city before, and he knew not a soul in Richmond. After walking the streets till midnight, searching in vain for a place to lay his weary head, he crawled under a sidewalk and there, with his old satchel for a pillow, slept till morning. Securing work at a shipyard not far from his sleeping place, he remained in Richmond till he had enough money to carry him to Hampton, which place he reached with a surplus of fifty cents. His entrance examination was the sweeping of a room, which he did perfectly.

He graduated from Hampton with honor and without money. During the summer following his graduation he worked as a dishwasher and waiter. When the hotel season was over he returned to Malden and was elected to teach the colored school. Later he was engaged as a teacher in Hampton, where he had charge of one hundred Indians fresh from the reservations.

When a request came from certain citizens, white and black, at Tuskegee, Ala., for a teacher, Captain Armstrong recommended Booker T. Washington. The state of Alabama had made a small appropriation for this work. How this work was begun and carried to a complete finish is a well known fact of history. You know the story. At the end of the first year a farm was purchased with borrowed money. Plans were made for a large institution. There were anxious days and sleepless nights. Here and there friends were found who gave of their means. Students made brick, laid foundations and erected buildings. New pupils poured into the school. Both white and black people got behind Booker T. Washington and helped him on to success. The story of the marvelous growth of Tuskegee Industrial Institute and its splendid service for a race and a nation reads like a romance! It is true that Booker T. Washington had certain advantages due to the very fact that he was a negro, and to the further fact that certain white people of means were at the height of their sympathy for the black race. But such advantages were small in comparison with the peculiar difficulties that stared him in the face.

The *presumption of failure* was against him. When a white man begins a project the presumption of success is in his favor. And now, since many negroes have succeeded in their efforts, the presumption of success is in favor of the black man. But when Booker T. Washington began his splendid work at Tuskegee no school had ever been founded and administered by an American negro. The American negro was only two and a half centuries out of black Africa. Behind him were centuries on centuries of ignorance and superstition. He was only a few years away from his two hundred and fifty years of slavery in America. He was among the very people who had owned his body. For two hundred and fifty years the American negro had been taught that he was inferior and was created for drudgery.

The *prejudice of many white people and the jealousy of many black people* were against Washington. While there were in the South thousands of white people who were willing to help the black, and while thousands of northerners were anxious to contribute time and money to his education, it is still true that race prejudice burned in the soul of the majority of the whites of the South and that the northerners did not specially love the black man. This prejudice was equalled only by the jealousy of many of his own race, with whom freedom to achieve was a new thing. And to many of them freedom meant chiefly the right to achieve political position. And when Booker T. Washington started out on a new path, rejected political preferment, dedicated his soul to a great purpose, and succeeded in winning the support of the masses of his own race and of the white people generally, some of his own race whose vision was bounded by a government position were bitterly jealous. But through this prejudice and jealousy he carried himself with commendable tact. With the patience of a thinker and the adroitness of a born leader he won friends black and white who would have died for his cause.

The general fear of new methods in education, and *their application to a race that had been forced to work* were against Booker T. Washington. He was a pioneer in industrial and vocational education, thanks to Hampton Institute, where he was started on the right road. He saw the economic basis of race prosperity. He knew that with skill in a trade would come ownership of property, and with ownership of property would come recognition in the community, and that this recognition was absolutely essential to the future welfare of the race. He saw that when a man has dollars in his pocket, soil he can call his own, a roof that belongs to him, and a trade or profession, he is then on the upward way.

These difficulties he faced wisely, patiently, manfully; they became a part of his larger education.

The progress the negro has made since slavery is unequalled in the history of any race, and perhaps to Booker T. Washington, more than to any other man, white or black, a very large share of credit is due.

As a man of genius in education, in organization, in leadership, he not only blazed the way but he labored constructively as well. Under his inspiration hope came to millions of the black race, cabins were transformed into cottages, hovels into homes.

The world is coming more and more to recognize a great man whether he be white or black—a great Washington whether he be George or Booker T.

Chicago. CURTIS W. REESE.

Unity

Unity means oneness. The family that has one pocketbook, one desire, and equal love for all, expresses unity.

The struggle to get for oneself, to win money from others, defeats unity, for it is opposed to the Law of Love.

A body of men and women united for a good purpose are a wonderful power for good. The degree of their harmony, the oneness of their efforts, the completeness of their union, determines their power.

If one thousand brave and true men and women could be brought to work together with entire unity for a good cause, and could totally sink all personal desires, they could move the whole world within a decade.

Therefore—if you believe in your church, work with it. If you believe in your government, work with it. If you believe in your lodge, your club or your chums, work with them.

The trouble with America today is lack of unity. Many of us have ceased to believe in our government, not realizing that our own failure to work with the government—neglect to use the ballot rightly—is the cause of dishonest government.

A return to unity alone can save our nation. Without it the Republic is doomed to chaos; our civilization will perish.

Why stand like sheep and see money dominating our political conventions, determining for which hireling we may vote? Let us rise like men, and join our brother men, and sister women, and vote in unison for a return to honesty and sanity.

Until the American people assert their freedom at the polls, and cast their ballots for candidates of their own choice, they are not free.

Only by unity can conditions be changed. Are you going to do your duty by participating in the reform movement that seems to you best and acceptable to others who suffer from the same ills that you do?

C. H. C.

THE STUDY TABLE

Books About Latin-America

THE WAR WITH MEXICO. 1846-1848. Justin H. Smith. New York: 1919. The Macmillan Co. 8 vo. 2 vols. pp. xxii. 572. xiv. 620.

No one will deny that Prof. Smith's work is one of research and scholarship. The fact is borne in upon us rather heavily by the author himself. For instance, he tells us that in its preparation he has personally examined "more than 100,000 manuscripts bearing upon the subject, more than 1,200 books and pamphlets, and also more than 200 periodicals; the most important of which were studied issue by issue for the entire period." If twelve years were given to the study, this would figure out, for manuscripts alone, 8,333 manuscripts a year, about 700 manuscripts a day, 35 manuscripts an hour, if he worked only twenty hours out of the twenty-four. Again, he tells us, that "the bound volumes entitled 'Archives de Guerra' in the Archivo general y publico de Mexico occupy some 200 feet of shelfroom and the papers examined in the Archivo de Guerra y Marina, which had to be examined one by one, would probably, if placed one on another, make a file sixty feet high." The author also visited and examined the archives of Peru and Colombia, one can hardly see why. He says, however, that "the results were negative, but this fact had a positive significance, for there were reasons to look for an active sympathy and correspondence with Mexico in those quarters." It is reasonable to assume that no one will ever repeat his work on this scale. As to scholarship—the notes, references, lists of sources, indices, etc., amount to 468 pages as against 724 of text. These aids make the book indispensable to the serious student.

As regards the style and content of so much of the work as is intended to be *read,* it must be admitted that it leaves much to be desired. Rives' "The United States and Mexico" was a well-written and readable book; Smith's book is not. In attitude the two works are quite similar, both being somewhat partisan pleadings for a questionable course. Smith says he approached the subject with the prevalent New England view; he became converted to the belief that the war was quite justified. "An episode that has been regarded both in the United States and abroad as discreditable to us, appears now to wear quite a different complexion." We confess that his argument seems to us somewhat inconclusive. However, every man is justified in reaching his own conclusion after making a real survey of material. Prof. Smith spent a year in Mexico to get atmosphere and appreciation. He does not, however, either love or respect the Mexicans and is plainly incapable of judging them. In the study of the many documents he mentions, he must have read an enormous quantity of Spanish, still he has but a slight hold on Mexican Spanish. Thus, he mentions *rebozas* more than once. Notwithstanding his year in Mexico he knows little of Mexican things and he uses descriptive authorities without judgment or criticism. Thus, he quotes: "that in Mexico every plant may be found that grows between the pole and the equator"; he talks of balconies and stairs "decorated with Dutch tiles in blue and white"; he appears to think that the word Orizaba means "the mountain of the star." These are trifles, but when such trifles are scattered abundantly through a work in order to show apparent familiarity, they become a fault. Prof. Smith's style is unique. Ponderous and clumsy, it attempts a liveliness that wearies. He is at his worst in describing battles and in introducing actors. He prides himself, however, in the former and in his preface shows why he is quite competent to describe military matters. Yet his descriptions are failures; comparisons with those of Rives are altogether in favor of the latter. Had we space, we would quote one—any one—to show the point of our criticism. As an example of his introduction of actors: "Then one of the engineers—a tall, handsome young man with a positive chin, a strong nose, a dark closely-trimmed mustache, dark hair clustering above his ears, and a fresh, clear color in his face—stood up and reported crisply on the work of reconnoitering. His name was Robert E. Lee." That is one of the best. "Anaya's rather sour and curdled face flushed hot and bitter" is a typical example; so is: "* * * the ex-student, ex-Carlist, Jarauta—whose small, close beard, fierce black eyes, braided jacket, graceful cloak and gold-laced sombrero gave him a romantic air." A few such pen-pictures would pass, but when they are brought in on every occasion they become tiresome. In his general description our author makes a patchwork, a veritable crazy quilt. He apparently aims to bring together as many bits from diverse sources as possible and to unite them somehow into a single paragraph. The result is disagreeable for the reader, but it permits a scholarly array of authorities for the notes. We dislike to seem to be placed in the attitude of criticism towards a work, which must, in spite of its faults of style and its puerile and pedantic vanity, be the best book for final reference on its subject and the best guide to the sources of information.

FILIBUSTERS AND FINANCIERS. William O. Scroggs. New York: 1916. The Macmillan Co. 8 vo. pp. ix. 408.

Few episodes in our national history caused more excitement at the time or were more bitterly discussed, pro and con, than the attempt of William Walker and his associates to seize Nicaragua and, through its possession, to control Central America. Not only was it discussed with bitter partisanship here in the United States, it was the theme of sentimental and patriotic writings by Costa Rican and other Isthmian authors. This filibusterism of the canny Scot and his fellows was a bold venture. The filibusters were a wild crew of adventurers and soldiers of fortune, many of whom had been connected with the gold excitement in California. The story has been told often, but it is here retold with a thoroughness and a wealth of documentation greater than ever before. While the discussion is scholarly and fair, the author has plainly a weakness in favor of Walker and his work, an inclination probably due in part to his being a southerner by birth and interest and partly to a rather intimate contact with Latin-Americans. The attempted filibustering enterprise might have succeeded if it had had to deal only with Central Americans. In Nicaragua itself party hatred was so intense that Walker had no great difficulty in establishing himself and seizing the supreme power. There was so much discord and jealousy between the other republics, that they would have been unlikely to have made a vigorous concerted effort against him. There were, however, other influences at work and it was these that really led to the collapse of the undertaking. Walker gained the ill-will

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, do do good is my Religion"

THE POLITICS OF THE KINGDOM.

(Concluded.)

5. For each minor child in each family, the parents or guardians shall be entitled to an additional though lesser share of the social annual increase of wealth, to the end that children shall cease to be an economic burden and that their production and training shall be recognized as a distinct social service. Further and impartial provision for children up to the age of 21 shall be made in nationally conducted schools, colleges and universities, covering all sides of life, to the end that each may arrive at majority with the best development of which he or she may be capable.

The severest indictment of our civilization lies in its treatment of its weaker members—children and the aged. The greatest peril to free institutions and the greatest hindrance to the progress of the race lie in stunted and perverted childhood. Pitiful indeed is the advent of a babe that is unwelcome because of poverty, a thing impossible in the Kingdom. A well born and well reared child is a definite social asset. A civilization in which less attention is given to the procreation of the race than is given to the breeding of animals, needs not reform but regeneration.

6. The election of all public officials by direct and unqualified exercise of the franchise by adult citizens, accompanied by the rights of initiative, referendum and recall, to the end that officials shall be the servants of the whole people and that purchased legislation shall be impossible.

7. If any has a new vision of truth or its application its repression would be a disaster. Every member of society must therefore be guaranteed the unqualified constitutional right to perfect freedom of opinion and to the proper expression thereof by speech, pen or the press, to the end that each may proclaim the truth as he sees it.

Both 6 and 7 are also demanded by the Socialist Party and other organizations.

The foregoing we deem, in substance, essential. There is no other way under heaven whereby we may be saved. It is the only practical way. It is not necessary to "change human nature," but simply to get off humanity's back and give the divine which is in humanity a chance.

Whether we want it or not a great world change is being forced upon us. We cannot claim to be Christians individually while we are Pagans collectively and it is high time for a clear summons to the citizens of this country and through them to the citizens of all nations! A summons to high rebellion; a pacific revolt against the autocratic idea that the world is to be run for the benefit of a few; a summons to the adoption of the Democracy of the Kingdom of God under which all the doings of humanity shall have as their sole purpose the securing of intellectual liberty, material equality and spiritual fraternity for all mankind.

A movement founded on this general program is certain of ultimate triumph, not by electing candidates this year or in four years, though its fruition is nearer than most men think, for these are the "last days." That fruition means the displacing of the autocracy of mammon by the Democracy of the Kingdom of God; "the one far off divine event to which the whole creation moves." Why postpone it?

The Kingdom is the only basis upon which all the warring elements of the world can be harmonized. America's terrific race question awaits the Kingdom as its solution. It is the breaking down of the "middle wall or partition" between the Jews who gave Jesus to the world and the Gentiles who crucified him and are daily repeating the crime. It is the ideal of all peoples and of all ages. It is the only practical way to run the world and now is the fullness of time for a definite move to that end—preferably by some party now in existence—by a new one if necessary.

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of the transportation interests as represented in Cornelius Vanderbilt; interfering in these affairs and backing the wrong faction in a dispute, was the immediate cause of his undoing. It was New York financial interests that encouraged, backed, directed and led the native forces of Central America that fought against the filibusters. Hence the title of the book, "Filibusters and Financiers." It is in the full presentation of this aspect of the subject that the chief value of Prof. Scrogg's book lies. Not only as showing the author's attitude, but as one of the fairest presentations of the ideas involved in the filibuster enterprise, we quote an extract:

What, then, were Walker's real motives? Briefly, he planned to create out of five Central American republics a strong federal State organized and governed on military principles; and after achieving this he aimed to effect the conquest of Cuba. To aid in the work of conquest and in the subsequent "regeneration" of the isthmus and island, he purposed to introduce an American population and to secure to it the possession of the land. Next he proposed to afford the new masters of the soil the privilege of cultivating their lands by slave labour if they so desired. He was doubtful indeed whether any other form of labour was adaptable to the tropics, and was of course not unmindful of the sympathy which his slavery policy would evoke for his cause in the southern states. Finally, as the capstone of his system, he planned to make the dream of an interoceanic canal come true, and thus to bind his new government to the powerful maritime nations of the world by the strong ties of commerce. It should be added that over this tropical federation Walker himself proposed to play the rôle of dictator. What we have seen him doing so far he regarded as only preparatory to entering upon his really constructive work.

The book is well gotten out and the narrative is attractively presented.

MEXICAN WRITERS. Estelle Lutrell. Tucson, Arizona: 1920. University of Arizona. 8 vo. pp. 83.

Miss Lutrell's brochure forms Library Bibliography No. 5 of the University of Arizona Library. It is a catalogue of the Mexican books in that library with synopses and biographical notes. It is a contribution of actual value. We, in this country, know almost nothing of the literature of our nearest neighbor to the south. Yet it has had a literature, varied, extensive, and important, for a long time. Books were printed in Mexico before the middle of the sixteenth century. Garcia Icazbalceta's beautiful *Bibliografia mexicana del Siglo xvi* describes 116 works printed in that country before 1701. Mexican presses were busy throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and though many of the works had little literary value and no present-day interest, there were histories and annals of permanent significance and poetry such as that of Sor Juana Inez de la Cruz, "The Tenth Muse." In the nineteenth and twentieth there is a long list of able writers in many fields. Fernandez de Lizardi in the early nineteenth century was a popular and incisive essayist, whose writings are still considered models in their kind. Historians, essayists, novelists, poets, dramatists, scientists, and publicists are and have been many, and their writings deserve to be better known. Few of them have ever been translated; few have been reprinted in their Spanish form. Altamirano's *Navidad en las montañas* has been issued as a school-text, so have some of Heriberto Frias' legends; just now an English translation of Federico Gamboa's *La Llaga* is being published by a New York house. With the present interest in the study of Spanish, Mexican (and other Latin-American) books will no doubt become better known among us and our libraries will go more extensively into that field. The University of Arizona has a creditable showing. In her book Miss Lutrell, Librarian of the University, lists 234 different works by Mexican authors or dealing with them, which belong to the institution. Synopses of the books are given and useful biographical notes relative to the authors. The work is embellished with portraits of 56 of the authors. Miss Lutrell has done her task thoroughly and it was worth doing. It will, no doubt, stimulate an interest and lead other libraries to go more fully into a field of importance, which has been quite neglected. FREDERICK STARR.

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"OPEN SHOP" CAMPAIGN.

[The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America has recently issued an important statement on the current "open shop" campaign in industry. We print it herewith as an important and courageous utterance.—EDITORS.]

The relations between employers and workers throughout the United States are seriously affected at this moment by a campaign which is being conducted for the "open shop" policy—the so-called "American Plan" of employment. These terms are now being frequently used to designate establishments that are definitely anti-union. Obviously, a shop of this kind is not an "open shop" but a "closed shop"—closed against members of labor unions.

We feel impelled to call public attention to the fact that a very wide-spread impression exists that the present "open shop" campaign is inspired in many quarters by this antagonism to union labor. Many disinterested persons are convinced that an attempt is being made to destroy the organized labor movement. Any such attempt must be viewed with apprehension by fair-minded people. When, for example, an applicant for work is compelled to sign a contract pledging himself against affiliation with a union, or when a union man is refused employment or discharged, merely on the ground of union membership, the employer is using coercive methods and is violating the fundamental principle of an open shop. Such action is as unfair and inimical to economic freedom and to the interest of society as is corresponding coercion exercised by labor bodies in behalf of the closed shop.

It seems incumbent upon Christian employers to scrutinize carefully any movement, however plausible, which is likely to result in denying to the workers such affiliation as will, in their judgment, best safeguard their interests and promote their welfare, and to precipitate disastrous industrial conflicts at a time when the country needs good will and co-operation between employers and employes.

IMMIGRATION.

With unwonted speed, Congress seems likely to pass a bill restricting immigration for one year. There are cogent reasons for this. Unemployment, the character of recent immigrants, said by one Congressman to be largely of radicals, and the terrible condition at Ellis Island, New York, favor some restrictive measure. Yet, Congress is moving without scientific knowledge. Although immigration is as old as our republic, we have not a single permanent commission to study it. Should not some provision be made for immigrants who seek a haven from religious persecution? Instead of analyzing the problem scientifically, we study it politically with unhappy results. What America needs is a trustworthy Board of expert officials to determine our American policy and suggest proper plans to Congress. We may have sufficient unskilled laborers, but we do need maids and farmers. Because 2,000 radicals have been supposedly sent here from Spain to rid that country of them, is no reason to bar persecuted Jews who have left their all in Poland for the sake of religious freedom. Let humanity and scientific investigation, not petty politics, frame our immigration policy.

—*The Sentinel.*

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